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IN MEMORIAM

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD,

THE TWENTIETH

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A DISCOURSE

BY THE

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“When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant, which nor any shock
Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
From its deep bases in the living rock
Of ancient manhood’s sweet security:
And this he gave.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



IN MEMORIAM.

TEXT—"For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." Psalm xxxvi:9.

It is as natural for us to turn to God in any sore and sudden troubles, unless by our willful sins the track heavenward has been lost, as it is for us to seek the sight and help of human friends. There are times, indeed, when we turn from all earthly faces and earthly arms to crave the smile and rest on the arms of the everlasting God. We feel the need of a greater sympathy than any that lies in human kind. We feel that there *must* be, there *is*, a Mightier One than man, the Mightiest One, and that He will be a refuge for us.

We do not pause to argue the matter, we do not hesitate at all, we do not need to, in our extremities of trouble, or of grief, any more than do our children, when they cry to us, their parents, who are to them in God's stead. What is the cry and flight to us of a hurt and sorrowing child but a divinely implanted instinct leading the child to the right and true source of help? It is swifter than intellect and surer than reasoning.

We are but the children of the infinite Creator and Father. It is a primal instinct of our nature to cry unto the Lord in every night-time of trouble. See how this human heart of ours beats in our Bibles from the first page to the last. The patriarchs and prophets and saints of the Old Testament and the New, are one with us in this cry of the human to Heaven. Whenever personal burdens grow heavy, when the clouds gather over our households, when common calamities fall upon a people, when the nation seems to be in the grip of doom, or to be stumbling amid the dark shadows of disaster and death, men cry unto God—they cannot be hindered from it, they feel sure that God hears them, and they grow strong to bear their burdens or fight their battle.

So has it been in every age. So is it now. Even among the nations that knew not the God of the Bible, there has been this same instinct to cry in every time of calamity to their gods. With them it was a perversion of the old and true and undying instinct of our created nature to seek the favor and help of its Creator.

Beautiful and very touching have been the innumerable illustrations of this childlike faith in the unseen God, this faith in his power and his love, that He could and would help them. How boldly the men of ancient times pleaded with God! Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, nor less the men of later times. This world has been in every age the home of prayer. It is no wonder that in the great disaster which we have had to face for so long a time, that the hearts of all men should have been stirred in the old and sacred way. It is no wonder that through these eleven weary weeks, when the nation gathered around the bedside of their stricken chief, and watched his fluctuating pulse with alternating hope and fear, that there should be perpetual prayer from our churches and family altars, and that as men toiled in shop and field, or walked the streets, there should be in all their breasts a dumb longing for the help of God.

Never perhaps in the history of the world has one man been the subject of such universal concern—a concern as wide as if his bed had been spread in the centre of some vast plain, and all the nation, man, woman and child had been kneeling around it. Yea, the eyes of millions in other lands, and over all the earth, kings and queens on their thrones, statesmen in their parliaments, and artisans in their lowly homes have been looking hither: the hearts of all classes have traveled hither, and, with this bowed nation they have knelt in common anxiety and prayed. Had those chamber walls at Washington and Elberon been transparent, the sickness of this man could hardly have been more in the hearts of the millions than it has been. May I not say that science has made those walls transparent to us and to all the world! We have been standing, all of us, from that fatal 2d of July by the bedside of the calm, heroic sufferer, we have counted the changing pulse, we have felt the alarm of every rising fever, we have been elated at every signal of hopefulness—we have heard his quiet, inspiring words of trust; we have watched him as he lay in gentle rest, or tossed in sad pains. Through all the slow, slow days we have been looking in upon him as if he was a member of our own home, and under our own roof. We have all felt that a heavy burden was upon us, and that nothing could give us joy while this cloud hung over us.

It is wonderful how this great grief has lifted religion in the eyes of all the people, by bringing God so close to them. We were away from Him. Of late we have been believing in God very

much as the ancient Hebrews did, and as the Old Puritans did, as a God who was thinking of us, and dealing with us, and was showing that He had a special and peculiar regard for us. No one can doubt it, that there has been a movement of the heart of the nation toward God. His hand has been recognized, and his help has been implored everywhere. Not in our churches and religious assemblies only, but in all kinds of public gatherings, in the resolutions passed in town-meetings, in boards of trade and commerce, at club rooms, in courts of justice, at political conventions, at all forms of associations, wherever men have convened, and for whatever purpose, the great national burden has been upon their hearts, and they have recognized the divine hand in it. No one who reads thoughtfully the history of the last three months, would for an instant suppose that this nation was either an atheistic or a skeptical nation. For the time, at least, infidelity has been silent, atheism has hidden away, and irreligious men have vied with the members of the Christian Church in the open recognition of God, and of the great doctrines of our Christian faith. For this we may thank God, that He has spoken and men have listened. We cannot, we do not believe, that we and our fellow-men have been dealing in hypocritical phrases as the solemn words of religious truth and Christian faith have been falling from our lips. The land has been full of them. They have been the promptings of an instinctive faith in God as the Creator and Ruler of all things,—as the God of Providence, as the God of righteousness and of mercy, as the God who can and will hear the cry of his creature man. The nation has been giving us a great demonstration of the existence of the One living and true God and of his Fatherhood. We have been telling each other and the world that we fully believed in prayer, that we believed in Christianity—in immortality. We have all been rejoicing that our heroic, suffering brother was a Christian believer. Not one word of dissent have we heard. I think, that in the very heart of our sorrow, we have a right to rejoice in it, that even by so great and solemn an event, God has called this nation to confess Him and bow in lowly prayer before Him.

God has also been teaching us a great and needed lesson of *Unselfishness*. Our hearts crave for the material. Mammonism is our curse. Since the War, and the financial reverses that a few years later followed it, we have been plunging again with a fierce, mad hunger into the tides of mere material success, which have been

sweeping through the land as never before. The greed for gain has been almost omnipotent. We have been thinking of self, scheming, toiling, praying for self. God has now smitten us with a large sorrow, and filled our minds full of thoughts of it, and our hearts with anxieties and prayers concerning it. We have been suddenly wrenched away from our self-seeking. God has drawn the mind and heart of the nation, for a time, away from the altars of Mammon.

But a few months ago, by what our Christian faith calls Divine Providence, a man from among us was unexpectedly called to be the standard-bearer of one of the parties of the country in a warmly contested struggle for the Presidency of the Republic. To the great mass of the people he was comparatively little known. He was not the choice of the politicians. He had never been of their class. Born in lowly life, and amid poverty, early bereft of a father's guiding hand, and compelled to forego ease and boyhood's pleasures for rough toil, he raised himself through all the grades of a farmer's boy, a canal boat driver, a pupil in a country school, a college student, a college president, and a brave general, until he stood at length a peer among the strongest and purest statesmen of the land. I need not detail the history which should be familiar to all, and which will stand as one of the noblest in the annals of the nation.

You will recall how bravely he came forth from the fearful trial of one of our political campaigns, without a stain on the record of either his public or his private life. Like Abraham Lincoln, he sprang from the class whom the former was wont to call "plain people," and, like him, he knew no shame over his descent. Chosen to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic by the voices of his countrymen, although his competitor was one of the best and bravest and most popular generals of the war, he speedily showed himself to be in every way worthy of the high honor that had been conferred upon him.

How modestly, yet how grandly, he bore himself. Every act from the first, drew around him the confidence and the affections of the people. He carried with him into his high position the simple virtues of home life, its purity and its love. He carried with him the holy principles and religious faith of a man who during the war was called "the praying General," and who had never been known to dishonor or to conceal his Christian profession. He carried with him a trained and solid scholarship, such as but

few of our public men can claim, broad and enlightened views of policy, and a personal integrity of the highest order. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world has it fallen to any man to be so crowned with the praises of his countrymen and of the world as has our dead hero.

Leaving his home, as the martyred Lincoln left his, with trust in God and the prayers of the people, as he took the oath of highest office, surrounded by the chief men of the nation and a great host of the people, a little incident occurred which revealed the true and pure humanity of the man. It was an act at which probably some smiled, and perhaps others sneered, and hinted that it was done for effect, but which touched the hearts of the people and drew them anew to him. Before accepting the greeting of Judges, and Senators, and ex-Presidents, of Governors and Generals, he turned, and with the reverent and loyal kiss of a son and a husband, greeted the two women whom he could never forget, and whom he would remember first amid the highest honors. Who now will smile or sneer at that act which has forever consecrated the sacred bonds of home and given a memorable lesson to the sons and husbands of this and every succeeding generation! Simple, noble and pure was the motive which prompted him to honor the women to whom he owed so much, and so unwittingly teach the whole nation that the purity and love of our American homes is the foundation upon which rests the purity and stability of the Republic itself. Had all our public men a like deep sense of the sacredness of the family, and a like fidelity to its holy bonds as characterized our honored dead, the nation would be spared many a tale of burning shame of the life in our high places, and many a judgment from the indignant wrath of the pure and lofty Jehovah.

Scarcely had the administration of President Garfield opened, scarcely had he begun to reveal in this new position the qualities of splendid statesmanship, of lofty aims and purest patriotism which will make his short career forever memorable and forever regretted, before the dastardly blow came which has clouded the land with its great sorrow. Let me recall the tragical event: Shot down in the capital of the nation, when he was about starting on a journey of pleasure and needed rest from the exacting demands of office-seekers—shot down in a public railway station before the eyes of the people and when he was surrounded by his chief advisers—shot down at the moment when family love was beckoning him to the side of the wife whom his tender care had

but a little before called back from the brink of the grave—shot, in the back, from but a few paces distant, by one who was a stranger to him, by a poor, egotistical, eccentric ruffian, whose motive seems still to be shrouded in mystery. His death seems to us to be one of the most foul, reasonless and wicked crimes known to history. We ask ourselves, we ask all men, what inspired such an infamous deed? How came this strong, brave, pure man to be so ruthlessly struck down? Men of high station have, before this, fallen by the hand of the assassin, and we can read in the history of their times of their murderers and of themselves, the reasons for their taking off. William, the saviour of Holland and the hero of civil and religious liberty in his times, was the victim of implacable feuds and religious hate. Lincoln's murder was the mad blow of a dying cause. But what section, what party, what faction, desired the death of Garfield? Did this poor wretch then stand alone, unconnected with anything in the times, wreaking his private malice? Would it were so! Rather, seems he to have been but the product of our own bad teachings and to have been possessed by the mad, foul demon that rules in so much of our party politics. This poor miscreant, who by one black deed has roused the world alike to pity and to detestation, gathered up the vileness and slander and falsehood of party strife and of disappointed office, and condensed it into a blow that shook the civilized world.

How completely the miserable wretch misreckoned the result of his horrid deed! It has made him the hated abhorrence of all lands. It has covered him with seas of execration. It has brought to his victim the sympathy and admiration of the world. It has sanctified the principles and purposes with which he began his administration, so that from end to end of the land, all men, all parties openly honor and avow them. It has put a brand of shame and infamy—which, God grant, may prove ineradicable, upon the politics of personal selfishness and party spoils. It has silenced as never before the bitterness of factional strife and of sectional differences, and elevated the truth that the elect of a party should be the President of the whole people. It has deepened and broadened the channels of international good will. It has belted the globe with a common mourning and touched the chords of universal sympathy.

Who can describe the eighty days of suffering, of pity and of prayer that followed that bad deed! Who can fail to see the

Divine hand as we were called to forget ourselves and stand at the bedside of the nation's sufferer! Look upon him—the brother of us all—of every man; who had already illustrated the life of every one so nobly, the lad who learns to read by the light of a cabin hearth, the barefoot, ragged, hardy boy trudging along the tow-path of a canal, the diligent student carrying off the honors of college, the brave soldier, the teacher of youth, the thoroughly equipped statesman, the son, the husband, the father. Behold him now, a helpless sufferer, amid all the storm of indignation that fills the land, the one silent, generous man toward his assassin. Pierced by the ragged bullet, tortured by cruel pains, oppressed by the heat and the malarious atmosphere of the Capital, with everything to live for, yet not a word of petulance or of impatience passes his lips. He is brave and hopeful when others are despondent. Death has no terrors to his eyes. He has no animosities for any fellow-creature. No woman could be more gentle than he. Through all his sufferings he shows an unwavering reliance upon God. In all his struggle with pain and weakness and failing hopes he manifests the calmness and fortitude and submission of a true Christian. If we have not heard the expressions of religious feeling and faith which so often, in the history of the world, have illuminated the last hours of devoted servants of God, missionaries of the cross, evangelists, preachers, men whose lives were wholly given to religion, let us remember that by God's providence this life was largely spent amid the cares of public and official duty and the guidance of secular affairs.

Joined to this picture of the heroic and patient sufferer, must we recall that of his noble wife. There are brave, and pious, and gentle women by the thousands in the land, who, in their sphere and way, meet trouble and sorrow with a spirit as true and faithful as has this sister of theirs. But God made her conspicuous. Taken from her quiet home to the first house of the nation, she entered it without any pride, her heart unchanged by her elevation to the highest place a woman can hold, and there with a beautiful tenderness, simplicity and self-control she nursed this nation's sufferer and her own, day by day, with a royal devotion. No word of weakness has fallen from her lips. No act of ostentation has been done. Though the eyes of the nation have been upon her, she has acted as simply, genuinely and unconsciously as if she had been hidden in her Mentor home. Her trust and hopefulness have borne up the sinking hearts of millions, and she will go again

to her home—the home she left but a few months ago the peer of the great queens of the world, the sister of all good, pure women, the beloved of the Republic. Worthy was she to receive from the queen of the proudest of nations, the simple and womanly message that has made Victoria dearer to all Americans—“Myself and my children mourn with you.”

And who can forget the old mother who has been waiting in her Ohio home through these weary months for each day's news from her son, her boy, as with the motherly fondness of earlier life, she called him—waiting without one word of complaint, and only when the last message came, uttering the cry of the mother-heart, “I do not wish to live any longer; I will be with him soon.”

We remember also, and I hope will long remember with unceasing gratefulness and a deep sense of its value, the sacredness of the work which the doctors and their attendants have been doing all the summer. It has been no common responsibility that has been upon them. The nation demanded this life at their hands. The anxieties and love of millions were in that single room. Every act, every word of theirs, even the expression of their countenances, their silence, have been under the public gaze. I have no particle of sympathy with the cold and cruel criticism to which these noble men have been subjected. Rather have I felt the deepest and most reverent trust in them and in their loving endeavors to save the life of the President. These good, wise and skilled physicians and nurses have done their best. They have spared nothing. They have held by the bedside of the sufferer, coming instantly from distant cities at every call, and their unwearied and loving ministrations have been as tender and careful as if he were ten thousand times their brother. They have given up sleep, rest, comfort, home; they have risked their own lives with a brave joy to save his. How gently they handled him! How faithfully they gave him all that the learning and experience of years had given them. They have touched the poor, maimed body of their brother as if it were a divine temple. They have suffered with it—moaned with it. Their faces have revealed each day, in the cloud or the brightness, the condition of the sufferer. They have been cheered with every faintest signal of regaining strength. They have brought all that science and skill and love could bring, and for three months they have fought back death with steadfast, courageous, unwearied endeavor. Their sorrow over their own defeat surpasses that of other men. And now, for

myself, I say these men deserve the grateful love of a generous nation. "They did not save him?" No. But it is what men highly try to do that makes them men and worthy the love of their brother-men.

And beyond these immediate attendants upon the sick-room, we must recall the whole marvellous history of these three months: The Cabinet Ministers waiting at the door and sending their daily despatches of changing hope and dread, and outside the slowly pacing sentinels, the soft-footed messengers; and still beyond, sitting on the curb-stone late at night and at the earliest dawn, the rugged, bronzed laborer, anxious for the latest word, and as soft and gentle now in voice and manner as any mother could be. Over all the land, into every city, every village, every hamlet, every home, have run the throbbing lines of truest sympathy. Men unused to tears have wept. A little line on the bulletin board has lighted or clouded all the day for millions. Strangers have clasped hands as old friends while they have unburdened to each other their common grief. Across the sea from other lands have come the daily inquiries concerning the health of their friend, and back have gone the daily answers that have been read in regal court and lowly home.

It has been a new thing in our experience to read the daily press for religious comfort, but we have been doing it for the past three months. If one wanted to feel anew the kindlings of patriotism, or realize again the strength of social bonds, and grow larger in kindly charities—if one wanted to be touched by acts of tenderness and to feel against his own heart the beating pulse of the world's humanity—if one wanted to have a deeper faith in God and in man, and be drawn to the One in prayer and the other in kindness—he has but needed to read our daily papers as they have been recording the history and drawing the lessons of these sad days.

But he is gone. Science, skill, love and prayer did not keep him. Yes, gone. But an evening ago, as the minute guns broke the heavy stillness of the heavy hour, we watched the funeral train as it swiftly sped along, flinging its lights for a moment on the river, and then vanishing in the darkness, carrying our sad hearts away with it. He is gone, but it is not hard for a Christian to reconcile his faith with these mysterious providences. What say you, Christian men and women? Is there any one among you who is tempted to say, I will walk no longer in the old sweet paths of prayer and faith and love? Does the whispered doubt perplex

any of you that science and skill and love and prayer are all alike helpless things in the fight with cold, dumb nature? Do you, in your secret hearts, say, "If there is a God He would have answered these million-voiced prayers—the answer did not come—there is no God." Ah, you are forgetting so much. What is prayer? It is no peremptory demand on Heaven. It is no rough and coarse bravado before the Infinite Throne, dictating to the All-wise and the All-loving One, what must be done. Prayer is the cry of a humble and trustful Spirit that waits on God's will for what is best. Prayer is human ignorance, bent, kneeling at the fountain of infinite Wisdom; human weakness using its best endeavors and meanwhile beseeching Him from whom all good comes, to give success. Prayer sums up all its deepest longings and most sorrowful importunings with the final word, "Not my will, but thine be done." Our religious faith in God rest on a deeper foundation than the smoothness of our course in life; or the fact that we always have what we pray for. I say it boldly, we believe in God because He does *not* always answer our prayer. We believe in Him because He sometimes so greatly disappoints us. If the belief in prayer depended on the evidence that it had always been answered, prayer would long ago have ceased from the earth. We do not pray—the world does not, because prayer is omnipotent. Think of the unanswered prayers in all our lives, and through all the ages! Think of the sailors, and the shipwrecked voyagers who have prayed for rescue only to be devoured by the hungry waves! Think of the thirsty travelers of the desert who have prayed for the clouds, or for some cooling spring, only to perish! Think of the sick longing, beseeching for health, only to pine away and die in the early morning of life! But do we cease to pray? Has the race ceased to cry to God because of these unanswered prayers? Does the sneer of the scientist avail to break down the world's altars of prayer? Will the boast of the infidel at this last great seeming failure hinder any real Christian from coming to God? Will our family altars now be overthrown, our secret places of prayer be abandoned, and our churches be closed, because God did not give us the life of our President in answer to the millions of petitioners? Not at all. Men will pray on. The first act of the new President is to summon all the people to the mercy seat of the All-gracious One, and urge them to open the doors of all their churches, and go in and compass His altars. In this call he has been seconded by the Governors of our Common-

wealths and the mayors of our cities. The people will obey the call. They will close their places of business and of pleasure, and go to the house of prayer, for their faith in God does not rest on prayer being always answered. It rests rather on the glorious and eternal God himself, on what He *is*, on what He *must* be, on what He has revealed of Himself. In the secret breast of every true Christian there is an incommunicable, but an irresistible conviction that every real prayer is truly answered. It is as natural for God to answer prayer as it is for men to pray. God is in deepest, truest sympathy with His creatures in all things that are truly good for them. He inspires all true prayer, as well the prayer that is often denied in terms, as the prayer which is answered. He answers the very prayer to which He may seem to be most deaf. If the President had lived, how many an one would have exultingly cried, "See the power of prayer. God does hear and answer prayer." But with a clearer, broader vision, and a deeper faith, we recover ourselves from our momentary disappointment, we wipe away our blinding tears, and we unfalteringly respond, God has answered the prayers of the people.

For what was it, we wanted this man of our confidence and our deepening love? Why prayed we so long and so earnestly for his life? That he might be the leader of a faction and the dispenser of spoils? That he might be the chief of a party, and so rule as to perpetuate its power? If any such secret thoughts were in our mind, they were not prayers to the God of eternal righteousness, and our words of supplication have been an abomination in his sight. If we have been loyal patriots, good citizens, and God-fearing, God-honoring men and women, we have prayed for him in the hope and faith that through him we should have an installation of righteousness in our National Government, and an overthrow of the corrupt conspirators for plunder who have been fattening on the nation's wealth. We have prayed for him in the faith and hope that by him great questions of moral policy connected with Mormonism and the conduct of our Indian affairs, would be firmly and wisely settled: that through him reforms would be carried on that would save the country from the corruption and greed of office: that around his wise and generous policy we should soon find the clamors of sectional contention silenced, and the States of the Union gathered in the embrace of a reconciled and united family; and that in him as the honored President of the whole people, we should have a man who humbly but publicly recognized himself as

the servant of God. It was for such high and righteous and moral ends we wanted his life spared, if we are really Christian patriots, and these ends are dear to God, and He will secure them for us in His own way.

It has not been in vain that we have been summoned in so startling a manner to turn our eyes upon this man and his tragical end. His life, his character, his high aims, the principles and purposes of his administration have been sanctified in the eyes of all the people by his final sufferings. It was said of a hero of the olden time that "the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." So will it be now. Had this man, with all his rare powers, set himself to accomplish, what has been done in the past three months through the providence of God, it could never have been done. An hundred Garfields would not have done it. God took it in hand, and through the final acts in this life's drama, He has brought out His lessons and impressed them. Beyond the partially lifted veil which God has raised we see the fruits of this ripe and fallen life. The love of country has been deepened. Personal selfishness has been rebuked. Old wounds have been healed and fierce feuds have been forgotten. Vengeance and passion have been cast into the grave of a common sorrow. All the finer traits of our human nature have been called into action as we have tenderly watched the long struggle between life and death. The hearts of men have been softened by the beautiful pity to which God has moved them. The North and the South, nor they alone, but all English-speaking people are nearer to each other in peace and unity than ever before. We have been learning the value of good men and the curse of bad.

God has been teaching us that we must trust Him. "With Him are the issues of life." "Thy judgments are a great deep." His dealings are not to be fathomed by every boaster who demands a why and a wherefore. Reasons He has for all his ways, but He does not choose to submit them at all times to our foolish judgment. He covereth Himself with clouds as with a garment. He guides men and nations in a way which they know not, but the issues of history show that He guides them for their good. Very pathetic was the death of this man at the threshold, at the doorway of what promised to be a career of large and noble usefulness. He who had led the battle so bravely through the heat and burden of the day has been struck down in the hour of his grandest opportunities. It seems almost like a baffled and broken life, a sad

mystery of failure, to be smitten down on the threshold of greatness. But the best of men have won their richest crowns through the ways of suffering. It is hard to yield in the prime of its powers, a full, rich life. But God reminds us that all men belong to Him, that he sends each man into the world only as an instrument to do an appointed part—to be a link in a chain—to be a torch in a line of light. What are we but the servants of the higher One, who may be glad if we run smoothly and swiftly in the grooves appointed by the Divine Will? How often do we see a sphere of work which some special man can so speedily fill up? He has “come to the kingdom for such a time.” But God who looks beyond our narrow horizons has other plans for this man and that than have we. He led Peter to an early crucifixion. He protracts the ministry of John until, in the feebleness of utmost age, he drops into the grave. He calls one man to labor on when the body is bent with years. He calls another to die as he thrusts the sickle into his first harvest field. He is pleased to cut down a gifted human life, smiting it with death at the doorway of the kingdom on which he was entering. But he clothes it with a more glorious power than if it lived on in its mortal frame-work. It receives in its death ten-fold power. It awakens all men’s sympathies. It calls all deepest thoughts into play. It summons them to the grandeur of the cause in which it fell. It leaves a legacy of nobleness which a million—which fifty million of men may claim. No rich and useful life is lived in vain. Its mantle falls on other shoulders; its spirit passes into the breasts of other men. Men die, God never permits his work to perish.

Under His mighty hand let us humble ourselves and to His wise and holy will let us bow. He has through these weeks of stricken love been calling us to our knees in prayer. Let us still bow before him in lowly and penitential confession of the sins which have deserved great chastenings. Our help is in him only. “Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.” “It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.”

“O Will, that willest good alone

Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best.”

“In thy light shall we see light.” One ray from the throne of God is better than the noon-day splendors of human wisdom. To Him let us go in prayer for ourselves, and for our nation, and for him who by no choice of his own must now lift and carry as he may the heavy burdens just laid down.

Beautiful in the sight of God are all these touching tributes which we are paying—which the world is paying to-day in the muffled bells of the continents, in mourning emblems, and scattered flowers, and falling tears, and great processions—to the worth of him who was brother to us all. Dear will be the sacred dust that lies by the shores of that northern lake to Him who has redeemed it and to the nation that will guard it well, but far more dear and beautiful and acceptable will it be to God, if from our hearts and homes, from our states and nation, we banish the sins that displease Him, and in our lives illustrate the virtues which will make the name of James A. Garfield an honored memory forever to the American people.